

1105 MAIN ST. **DILLON'S** 1105 MAIN ST.
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Hartford Paris

Wholesale and Retail Leading Milliners

THANKING OUR NUMEROUS PATRONS FOR THEIR LIBERAL PATRONAGE DURING THIS YEAR JUST CLOSED, WE WISH ONE AND ALL A VERY HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

THOUSANDS CHEER BIRTH OF SON TO MR. AND MRS. TIME

The infant 1916 was lustily greeted last night and early this morning by residents of this city. At the Stratfield a dining room crowded with guests made merry and the ball room was turned over to the dancers. At the Brooklawn Country club there was a dinner dance and about 200 enjoyed the festivities.

The Knights of Columbus had a jolly time at their chapter house on Washington street. About 200 were present and during the night an entertainment was provided by vocalists including Florence Legere Hayes, Miss Mary McNamara, Miss Katherine Lombard, John Verdon and Charles Benham.

At the Hotel Lorraine every table was taken. Two orchestras, one in the grillroom and the other in the main dining room, furnished music. The St. Joseph T. L. & B. association masquerade in Eagles' hall drew a big crowd. The costumes were picturesque. The Atlantic hotel, Carr's, Freyer's, the Atlas and other cabarets did a rushing business.

A party of 300 watched the old year out and the new year in at the Sea Ede club, passing the hours with dancing. A dinner was served at 8 o'clock. Many lighted candles and vases of cut flowers were used in the decorations.

Another club to observe the coming of the New Year was the Criterion club, which opened its rooms in the Newfield building for a dance and luncheon, lasting until 2 o'clock this morning. The rooms were decorated with Christmas greens.

Garlick's Partner To Have Position of Gray in City Court

Richard L. Swain, law partner of Attorney E. Earle Garlick, clerk of the city court, is the successful candidate among several applicants for the office of Assistant Prosecuting Attorney of the city court. The appointment will not take effect for another week or two.

Attorneys Abe Geduldig, Lawrence S. Finkelshtein and Charles Hopwood were contestants in the race but Swain had the backing and he will assume the office shortly.

STABBED IN BACK AT SOKOL DANCE

William Luciano, 29, of 147 Willard street, was dancing with another man's girl friend in Sokol hall last night and just before the arrival of the New Year, Luciano was stabbed in the back by the sweetheart of his dancing partner. The wound was dressed at the emergency hospital.

Bed Bugs in the Bed

drive away your roomers and keep your friends from staying over night. They rather leave and say nothing, it is courtesy, but is not forgotten.

CYRUS' PRESTO KILLER will kill the bugs and rid the house of the pest, 25c.

THE CYRUS PHARMACY

Fairfield Ave., Cor. Courtland Street.

T. Hawley & Co. Inc.

ESTABLISHED 1826

Shortly after the first of the year we will open our new store which will be located at 140 Middle St. Our new establishment will be the most modern and best equipped hardware store in the East.

WE CLOSE AT 6:00 P. M. SATURDAYS.

T. Hawley & Co. Inc.

"The Original Hawley"

549-555 WATER ST.



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PROLOGUE.

This story of rural life has attracted wide attention in book form and should provide an unusual treat for our readers. An ambitious young man struggling to make a successful career as a newspaper writer is suddenly accused of the awful crime of murder in the first degree and thrown into jail. The touching story of the loyalty of old friends and the devotedness of true womanly affection sounds a high note in the fiction of the day. Read also how the New Clarion rose from the ashes of carelessness and neglect to be the great, throbbing, dominating influence in a community.

CHAPTER I.

A Crisis.

ABNER DANIEL leaned on the rickety gate in front of the farmhouse and glanced down the roadway. He was tall, lank, thin faced, with a tuft of gray beard on his chin and a merry twinkle constantly in his dark eyes. Some of his teeth were missing, which gave to his tanned cheeks a hollow appearance. He was about seventy years of age, but was as quick and active as a man of forty.

The farmhouse belonged to Tobias Trumbley and his wife, Martha, and Abner, being unmarried and having no home of his own, boarded there. It was close to his own farm, which joined Trumbley's land on the east. It was a warm summer afternoon. A spur of the Blue Ridge mountains rose cool and blue in the distance. Abner was watching a graceful figure approaching from the crossroads store half a mile away. It was Mary, the only daughter of the Trumbleys, a young woman of nineteen or twenty years of age, of medium weight and height, who had a sweet face, blue eyes and abundant chestnut hair.

"I went to the store looking for you," she said, with a welcoming smile, as she reached the gate.

"So, so?" Abner said curiously. "Did you want anything particular?"

"Yes, Mrs. Tinsley was here just after dinner." Mary passed through the gateway, and Abner noticed that she sighed as she spoke. "She seemed anxious to see you and was very much disappointed. She wouldn't stop, but went back home. I told her if I could find you I'd send you over. I knew you wouldn't mind. The truth is she is greatly troubled about something. Mother noticed it as well as I."

"Well, I'll go over to her house," Abner said. "It must be some 'n' awful serious 'e' she didn't tell you two women about it; but, to do Sister Tinsley full credit, she never was much of a talker—that is, for a woman. I reckon she'd give a quinine party 'n' chicken 'n' a basket, but when she has some 'n' to say she talks it right out from the shoulder."

As he spoke Abner unlatched the gate and swung himself out into the roadway, smiling back at Mary as she disappeared in the house. Reaching the bend of the road at the corner of Trumbley's land, he saw Mrs. Tinsley, a short, rather large woman, slowly advancing toward him. At this moment he noticed that Mrs. Tinsley had observed him and was walking more rapidly, her head up, her eyes fixed on him expectantly. When she was quite near she pushed back her gray sunbonnet.

"I was over at your house, Brother Daniel!"—it was the Methodistical form of address to a member of the church—"an', as Mary said she thought you might come back soon, I started over 'n' ac' in."

"I was just heard you was over," he said, "an' I was on my way to see you."

The glance of the woman fell to the ground. Her face held an anxious, careworn expression, and her gnarled and toll stiffened fingers twitched as she twisted a corner of her gingham apron between them. "You'll hardly forgive me for comin' to you with my troubles"—she made a failure of a smile—"but that really ain't anybody else to go to. You always seem to know what is best to do in a tryin' time."

"I make a stab at it." He was jesting to put her at ease, for his sympathies were already stirred. "When folks are bothered any advice from any quarter is better 'n' none, an' I often say the fust thing that pops in my mind an' hope for the best."

"This is no jokin' matter, Brother Daniel," Mrs. Tinsley sighed. "I've come to see you about my boy. I'm so troubled that I can't sleep at night, an' get it out of my mind in the daytime."

"Well, you needn't bother about Howard, Sister Tinsley. That ain't a young man in the state I like better or count more on. He's true blue. He will make his way up the ladder as sure as he's got hands an' feet."

"Oh, I see you don't know—you haven't heard."

"About him an' Mary? Oh, yes; I've had my eyes on both of 'em. They'll come to an understandin' some day. Give 'em time. They are both young. If ever that was a pair cut out fer each other from a divine pattern it's

them two. She's as bright as a new dollar, got a good common school education, an' Howard is makin' a fine newspaper man. He will be editor of that sheet before long. Hillhouse is gittin' old an' careless. The Clarion would 'n' be in the ditch long ago if your boy hadn't put fresh life into it."

"Oh, you don't know all," Mrs. Tinsley sighed. "Hillhouse has not made it public yet. Brother Daniel, he's asked Howard to resign at the end of this week. He's jealous. Somebody told him Howard was the backbone of the paper, an' it made him mad."

"Bad, bad, bad," Abner cried, in disappointment. "Why, I thought Howard could hold that job as long as he wanted it."

"Well, he can't; an' that ain't all. Him an' his pa is at odds. Last night when he told Hiram about it Hiram flew all to pieces and talked to the boy like he was a dog. You know Howard won't join the church. Him an' his pa has always disagreed on such matters. Howard has a high temper, an' Hiram is too far from right. He called the boy a low infidel, an' said he was disgraced 'n' his family by his coldness in religious matters. They came almost to blows," the woman groaned softly. "I ran out an' stepped between them, but an actual fight wouldn't 'a' been any worse than what took place. They set down, Brother Daniel, an' talked like two men that had been enemies for life, an' had to settle something. Howard told him that as soon as his time was



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up on the Clarion that he was goin' west to stay."

"The boy has always talked it," Abner sighed sympathetically. "He feels tired down here an' cramped, an' thinks he could do wonders in a new country. I was that way myself once. It gets in nearly every young feller's blood sooner or later."

The woman's shoulders shook, her breast heaved. "I simply can't stand to have 'im go," she faltered. "He's all I got in the world. He's headstrong an' temper. I wouldn't rest a minute after he left. I'd rather be dead than live on here with his pa without him. I'm talkin' plain."

"I understand," Abner said. "That is, I think I get your meanin'. Most folks know how harsh an' cold Hiram is, with all his cut an' dried religion. He don't know it, but he's harmin' his own denomination. The young are pained at 'im an' sayin' of that's what religion does for a man they won't dabble in it."

They had turned and were walking toward her house, the low, gray roof of which could be seen above the apple and peach trees surrounding it.

"I'm goin' to speak plainer than I have ever done to a human soul," she said, her face growing pale, her lips held stiff. "I've hesitated to tell even God what I'm goin' to tell you. Brother Daniel, I married that man to please my father an' mother. They said I'd 'lve 'im in time, an' I thought maybe I would. I was miserable till Howard was born; then I had some 'n' to live for. Do you understand now—do you see? But now Hiram is drivin' my boy away an' expects me to stay here an' be his drudge. I can't do it, an' I won't!"

"The thing has knocked me out, too," Abner said seriously. "Everybody knows how I like Howard. Me 'n' him is like two young fellers, Sister Tinsley. We laugh an' crack jokes an' have our fun like frolickin' boys out o' school. When I'm with him I forget I'm an old man, an' he never seems to think of it. I've had 'im leave a gang o' youngsters many a time an' come to me for a fish or a hunt. Say, we must try to keep 'im here. We must hatch up some excuse or other."

"We can't; he really wants to go. He's ambitious to do something big in newspaper work. He says he has never had a fair show on the Clarion. Hillhouse takes the credit for every good line that he writes."

"That is a noted fact," Abner said. "Hillhouse is on his last legs. He is too old fashioned for this rapid age."

"Ef you don't mind I'll talk to your husband a little about Howard," Abner continued. "I don't know that it will help matters, but that may be no harm in tryin'."

"I wish you would," Mrs. Tinsley said. Leaving him at the door, she entered the house. Her husband had not noticed their approach and now walked to a bench at the side of the house, which held a washtub and a battling stick. He had taken his Bible and seemed about to open it. His brow was puckered thoughtfully, the lids of his blue eyes were drawn so close together that only narrow slits appeared.

"Hello! How are you, old stick in the mud?" Abner called out in his usual jocular tone. "I seed you lookin' at your bees jest now. Expectin' them little flyin' bugs to give you a lot o' honey next time you bust into the'r humble domicle, eh? Looks like a man that walks with God as frequently as you do would take pity on his most industrious creatures. The longer I live the blinder you shoutin' Christians seem to get. Do you know, I believe custom makes folk do all they do, an' the time is shor to come when bees an' silkworms won't be made to work hard to fill men's bellies an' kiver gals' legs."

"Humph!" Hiram snorted, with a contemptuous jerk of his fringed bald head. "I wonder why you never say a thing that has a bit o' common sense in it."

"I can't talk common sense to an uncommon man, an' that's what you are, Hiram. If the Lord had made you fust he'd 'a' made an army o' ordinary men out o' yore spare ribs. But no jokin'. I stopped to talk to you about Howard. I'm sorry to hear the boy has concluded to go away. He's young an' quick tempered, an' right now it looks to me like home is the best place for a feller like him."

"This home ain't!" Hiram waved his hand in the direction of the house. "I raised 'im an' educated 'im to see 'im git too big fer his britches. He has the cheek to argue with me an' dispute what's laid down in this book. He's wiser 'n' the Almighty hisself, who gave his word to live by. The young feller denies it all, I tell you, an' why he ain't struck dead in his tracks fer blasphemy I don't know."

"Maybe he is more pleasin' to the Lord than you imagine," Abner said on the end of the wash bench, and, crossing his long legs, swung his right foot up and down.

Hiram jerked the Bible from beneath his arm, and raising his foot to the bench, he opened the book on his knee. Rapidly he turned the pages, a fanatical gleam in his eyes. "I've got authority for my stand," he cried.

"This book tells me my duty plain enough. I don't have to go to a pappy man like you, who is even now sayin' exactly what the devil prompts. Listen close to this an' see ef anything could possibly be plainer. Matthew xi, 35: 'For I'm come'—that's our Savior speakin', remember—I'm come to set a man at variance against his father—No, that ain't it; wait! 'For a man's foes shall be of his own household.' That ain't it neither. Here it is, verse 37: 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me, an' he that loveth son—hear that—he that loveth son or daughter more than me is not worthy of me.'"

"I ketch yore pint," Abner smiled slightly, "an' all I got to say is that I don't intend to let you nor no other crusty old duck like you interpret my scripture for me. Now, I've always thought that Jesus meant somethin' like this, for instance: Ef a man had a son, we'll say, that wanted to go out to hoss stealin' fer a regular business an' invited his pa to help 'n' out, why, the man was advised to part company with 'im, ef reform was impossible. But yore boy ain't done nothin' but read a little on fresh lines an' think fer 'isself. It is all in the way you look at it, you see. I don't want to be rough, Hiram, but I believe ef Jesus was to come upon us at this minute, he'd tell you that in yore lace o' love an' kindness, both to yore wife an' son, you are a whole generation o' vipers an' hypocrites stuffed in one pair o' pants. He said, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' an' you are judgin' that's yore heart without seel' even the outside wrappin's o' it. Jesus would say you was tryin' to git a mote out o' the boy's eye when you have a beam in yore own as big as yore piece o' timber that ever left a sawmill!"

Tinsley was white with rage. Closing the Bible, he pushed it back under his arm. "I'll attend to my business an' you attend to yore'n," he panted. The next morning Abner drove to the village of Darley. He had a bale of cotton on his wagon. He unloaded the cotton at the main warehouse, where he addressed his horse, which he tethered to a hitching post in a vacant lot near by. In a grocery store across the street he secured two small boxes into which he put some oats. At the same store he borrowed a pail and watered the horses from a well in the middle of the street. After this was done Abner went into the Johnston House, built long before the civil war.

Abner approached the clerk's counter in a corner of the room, he leaned on a small showcase for cigars. The clerk, a middle aged man by the name of Sugart, was sorting some letters and placing them in the numbered pigeonholes which held the keys of the various rooms. He lighted a cigar.

"Say, Tom," he went on, "have you seen Howard Tinsley around this mornin'?"

"Yes, he was in at breakfast. He's stayin' here regular now. Say, what's wrong between him and his pa, Mr. Daniel? Howard doesn't keep back anything from his friends, and I am one. He didn't say what it was about, but when he engaged his room here yesterday he was mad as Tucker. He intimated that he had been ordered away from home."

Abner's forehead wrinkled between his bushy brows. "I don't keep track o' such things," he said. "Ef that is any misunderstanding I reckon it will git smoothed out. Old Tinsley means well, an' so does Howard."

(To Be Continued.)

Great Britain officials declare that the seizure of mails in English ports in war times is justified by The Hague convention.

THE SMITH-MURRAY CO.

BRIDGEPORT'S BUSY CASH STORE

Closed all day Saturday,
NEW YEAR'S DAY

We take this opportunity of
Wishing Everyone

A Happy and Prosperous
NEW YEAR.

THE SMITH-MURRAY CO.

OBITUARY

SARAH HALL

The funeral of Sarah Hall was held yesterday afternoon from the home of her mother, Mrs. Alfred Marshall, 385 Poplar street. Rev. E. F. Welse, pastor of Grace M. E. church, read the services. Burial was in Mountain Grove cemetery.

ELEANOR A. FORBES.

The funeral of Eleanor A. wife of Lyman Forbes, was held from the mortuary chapel of Henry E. Bishop at 11 o'clock this morning. Rev. C. W. Areson, rector of Trinity church read the service. Burial was in Park cemetery.

KATE M. WARD

Kate M. Ward, a former resident of this city and a member of Charity Rebekah lodge, I. O. O. F., died Thursday in New Milford. The body has been brought to the undertaking establishment of Henry E. Bishop on Fairfield avenue.

PAULINE RENZ RAUSCHER.

The funeral of Pauline Renz, wife of Jacob Rauscher, was held from the home of her son, Charles W. Rauscher, 1773 Main street, yesterday afternoon. Rev. Herman G. Wiener, pastor of the German Reformed church, conducted the service and spoke of the exemplary life of the deceased. The bearers were John Bruckner, Emil Bowley, Henry Tate and James Heffernan. Burial was in Lakeview cemetery.

CARRIE ELIZABETH JONES.

The funeral of Carrie Elizabeth Jones, wife of George J. Hall, was largely attended from her late home on Beach street yesterday afternoon. Rev. F. C. Rideout conducted the services. The bearers: Charles W. Scarritt, Joseph A. Tilton, Addison Hoyt and Thomas Dew. Burial was in Lakeview cemetery.

MAX COOKE

Max Cooke, a former resident of Waterbury, who has been living in this city for the last seven months, died yesterday at the Bridgeport hospital after a three week's illness with pleuro-pneumonia. Mr. Cooke was well known in Waterbury, where he conducted a fish business for many years. He is survived by his widow, Della Casley Cooke, and two children, Ethel and Edna, and his father, John Cooke, of Bridgeport, two sisters, Mrs. Ann of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Edward Brohm of Newark, N. J.

CARRIE M. BEARDSLEY.

Sorrowing relatives and friends attended the obsequies of Carrie M., wife of Elbert Beardsley which were held from the late residence, Linden avenue, Stratford, at 2:30 o'clock this afternoon. The funeral services were read by Rev. Chauncey C. Kennedy, of the Christ Episcopal church. The floral tributes were many and varied. The pall bearers were four brothers, Everett Beardsley, Sidney Beardsley, Frederick Beardsley, Charles Beardsley and two brother-in-laws, Frederick Bevans and Allen D. Judson. Burial was in Union cemetery, Stratford.

Coast Artillerymen Will Keep Custom of New Year's Observance

In accordance with annual custom the Coast Artillery corps, stationed in Bridgeport, including the Band, Medical corps and Naval Reserve, kept "open house" at the armory today. There will be a review tonight at 8 o'clock. Later a dance will be participated in by the many guests who will attend.

Henry S. Dorsey of New London, Lieut. Colonel Vincent M. King of Bridgeport and the colonel's staff will review the companies under command of Major Louis J. Herrmann and Lieut. William N. Potts.

Members of the colonel's staff to be present are: Chaplain Rev. Henry C. Meserve, Danbury, Conn., Percy H. Morgan, Myrtle; Capt. Ernest R. Barrow, New London; Major Morris B. Payne, New London; Major John J. Haft, Greenwich; Lieut. J. Bell, New London; and Paymaster-in-Chief Colonel Alton B. Farrell, Ansonia.

Steamer Is Lost In Terrific Gale

Madrid, Jan. 1.—News was received here today of the loss of the Sicily Islands of the steamer Miguel Benlure, in a storm. There were 42 members of the crew.

No steamship of this name is given in maritime records.

Marina Will Be First Court To Exemplify Foresters' New Ritual

Court Marina, F. of A. will hold an important meeting on Monday night to install their new officers. The new ritualistic work, which has been instituted by the Grand court, will be explained to the court by the officers. The ritual has been formed after months of careful study by the committee appointed for that purpose and it will fully meet the needs of the rapidly growing institution. Court Marina will be one of the first courts of the state to have the new ritual. Its degree team has received invitations from courts in Danbury, Meriden and other cities of the state to exemplify it.

Expect Auxiliary Parcel Post Office Will Be Continued

Postmaster Green is quite sure that his request that the parcel post station at 62 Cannon street be continued indefinitely will be granted by the department. The need for the station has been fully demonstrated during the last few weeks.

England To Reduce Her Exchequer Bonds

London, Jan. 1.—Another step in Great Britain's war finances has been taken by making exchequer bonds available to small investors. Hitherto these bonds have only been issued at the minimum amount of 1,000 pounds.

BOYS OF Y. M. C. A. PRESENT GOLD FOB TO "PA" COPE

Louis Cope, secretary of the Boys' department of the Y. M. C. A. and known to members as "Pa" Cope, was presented a gold watch fob at the department's second annual social last night. Ralph Sprague, president of the Employed Boys' Brotherhood, made the presentation. There was an entertainment program and luncheon was served.

PIERCE FINED FOR HAVING LIQUOR IN POSSESSION FOR SALE

For having liquor in his possession with intent to sell without having procured a license, a fine of \$50 was placed upon Charles Pierce, keeper of a lodging house at 35 Middle street, when arraigned in city court today. A similar fine was also placed upon William Watrous, of the same address, arraigned upon the same charge. The fine was made at 1:30 this morning. Pierce paid both fines. Pierce once ran a saloon in the red light district, but lately has been a lodging house keeper.

SNOW DELAYS FIREMEN.

Director of Public Works Courtade was notified by the fire department last night that snow-blocked streets in the East Side delayed apparatus responding to a slight fire in the home of Samuel Berman, 713 Pembroke street. Mr. Courtade promised to have conditions remedied at once.

NEW YEAR'S DAY AT Y. M. C. A.

Athletic games this afternoon and a supper and entertainment from 6:30 to 10 o'clock tonight mark the celebration of the New Year at the Y. M. C. A. The Harmony Concert Party of New York and Prof. Plate, magician, are among the entertainers for this evening.

A "masked marvel" is meeting all comers at checkers this afternoon in the annual Y. M. C. A. tournament. Edward Clark, who claims the state championship, played seven opponents simultaneously last night and defeated them all.

WANTED—Man traveler for 1916. Age 27 to 50. Experience unnecessary. Salary, commission and expense allowance to right man. J. E. McBrady, Chicago. A 1 a's

SALESMEN AND SALESWOMEN—Household necessity. Great demand. \$25 to \$50 weekly. Success assured. Write today. Pelco Sales Co., 19 McKinley St., Providence, R. I. A 1 a's 6-6

GOVERNMENT—Railway Mail, Post Office and other "exams" coming soon. Prepare NOW under former U. S. Civil Service Secretary-Examiner. Booklet A 29 free. Write today. Patterson Civil Service School, Rochester, N. Y.